Contents

Preface	X
Acknowledgements	xi
I	1
Helen's Choices, 1937	3
Helen Lives The Queen-For-a-Day Life	4
Postpartum	5
Prayers to Mary, Queen of Heaven	6
Notes On the Kitchen Table	7
Unraveling	9
The Altar of Innocence	10
The Pediatrician	11
II	13
Mirror, Mirror	15
Nested	17
Martini Memories	18
Wine and Water	19
Love Is	20
Summer Storm	21
Mrs. S	23
Adultery	24
The Swimming Pool Ladies	26
Three Days, Three Nights	27

When Medals Are Useless	29
The Same	31
If It's Saturday, There's Meatloaf for Dinner	33
Time Travel	34
Why Is It Called a Miraculous Medal?	35
Intervention	36
Perspective	37
Confession at Sixteen	38
Design	39
When I Think Of My Father	40
Postcards	41
I Can Finally Hear My Mother	42
III	43
Notes on the Table	45
Almost Athens	47
Stubborn Guests	48
Diagnosis	50
Bike Ride	51
Kite Without A String	52
My Husband Tells Me How He Feels	53
The Long Trajectory of Therapy Starts with Questions	55
Afternoon Resolve	56
The Cobalt Valley	58
Advice	59
Day Treatment	60
The Shock Machine	62
This Is An Outpatient Facility	63
The Hopkins Doctor Diagnoses Me	65
My Friends Insist That I'm Overmedicated	67
Even Now	69

The Energy Healer	71
When Rivers Decide	73
What Lies Beneath	74
The Final Demand	75
The Portal	76
Repurposed	77
About the Author	79

Preface

The Altar of Innocence is a book about claiming your voice. The poems in this volume, based on events in my life, explore the 60s' culture of secrecy surrounding alcoholism and depression and their effects on the young girl who witnessed the roller-coaster ride of mental illness and self-medication. In writing these poems, I spent time analyzing my parents' unspoken lessons—about communication, conflict, and managing illness—and how those lessons unfolded in my own marriage. I explore these issues through three lenses: conjectures about what my mother might have felt, recollections of key events in my childhood and adolescence, and my own journey to overcome depression, heal from chronic migraines, and finally leave a destructive marriage.

By mining the daily journal I kept during the four years of my depression, I was able to select key events to illustrate my story, as well as the records of medications, conversations, and feelings that I had during that time.

I offer my story as a glimpse into the secret worlds that so many still inhabit today. We are never as alone as we think.

Ann Bracken October, 2014

The Altar of Innocence

Dad is on the phone again talking to someone about pressing decisions, uncertain returns.

Grandma, full-busted and corseted, bustles in the front door tacitly assumes command of the household.

She lifts the whimpering infant from the bassinette and wraps her in solid, fleshy arms.

Rocking side to side, she quiets the baby's cries, soothes her hunger with a bottle of warm formula. Urgently

Dad ushers Grandma into the kitchen and closes the door. Huddled and silent, the trio of kids hears the familiar bolt of the lock.

Straining at the door for a clue, they catch vague promises that their mother will be all right.

The children keep a silent vigil and place their unasked questions on the altar of their innocence.